Essex County Herald.

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The Cannibal Man.

It's about an ancient cannibal man,
Who came from an island near Japan—
A cannibal man who was tough and old
When Barnum bought him and paid in gold;
And whether the man or Barnum was sold
You will learn in this solemn story.

His teeth were sharp as the teeth of a saw,
And he had two rows in his lower jaw,
Filed and polished and ready for use
On any customer full of juice,
Or the first baby that lay around loose,
For babies were all his glory.

A sad mistake for a cannibal hand
To come to an almost babyless land,
For babies are strangely out of style;
You may travel the country many a mile
Without the light of a baby-smile
Unless with the Dutch and Irish.

But Barnum kept his man in a cage,
Though he felt quite sure, at the fellow's age,
That his cannibalistic feats were done,
Unless he should eat a man for fun;
And once, on the sly, he fed him one,
Which wasn't a wise proceeding.

For, having tasted a white man's meat,
He was always ready to kill and eat—
And he looked with longing at rosy girls,
Who came to the show in shining curls,
With cheeks like peaches and teeth like pearls,
And he wondered how they tasted.

It happened once when the flesh was weak,
That he snatched a bite from a rosy cheek;
When Barnum entered the cage to beat him,
The cannibal thought he had come to treat him,
And straightway began to eat him
Without even salt or pepper.

And though he was stingy and awful tough,
For a good square meal he proved enough;
Alas! alack! what a terrible omen;
It teaches to women as well as to showmen,
That whether a cannibal, Greek or Roman,
Be ever so old, you can't trust no man.

A Gang of Roughs "Wiped Out."

A few days ago a gang of desperadoes gathered at Sergeant, Iowa, having removed there from Dodge City, as soon as the railroad track reached the former town. They did not appear to have any particular business to occupy their time, except card-playing, and to make night hideous by firing off pistols.

Two of this gang named Sam Wright and one McClellen, a few nights ago, went into the store of one Jessie Williams, a quiet, honest sort of a citizen, and proceeded to snatch things generally, shooting at Williams and driving him out of the store. Having torn things up and gutted the store, they started over to a saloon kept by Chris Gibson, and found that redoubtable individual snugly ensconced between a pair of Government blankets in his bunk, in a corner of his thick canvas tent. They placed their revolvers at Chris' head, and ordered him to roll out of bed and give up his money.

But Chris was not to be flustrated in this manner. He got coolly out of bed and offered the ruffians the hospitalities of his bar, which they accepted, and finally became good natured and left him in peace. After they had left, Chris Gibson prepared for them in case they returned, which they did about four o'clock in the morning. They caught Chris napping and effected an entrance to his saloon, caught an old man there and robbed him of his money. After helping themselves again to whiskey, they determined to close their night's spree by shooting off the top of Gibson's head.

But Gibson had again made himself prepared for any emergency, and was watching them from an adjoining tent. As soon as they came opposite the tent he stepped out with a shot-gun in his hands, and, before Wright was aware of his danger, fired a heavy charge of buckshot into his breast. "Big Jack," the other desperado, on witnessing the fate of Wright, started to run away. But Gibson was too quick for him. Turning his gun upon the retreating ruffian, he poured a load of two-ounce shot into him, bringing him down.

McClellen, on hearing the firing, and finding that two of his gang had already fallen, determined to wipe out Gibson, and with that intention started forth with a Henry rifle, duly loaded and primed, determined to try his hand. But Gibson was on the alert for danger; standing in his tent he immediately loaded his gun and waited. McClellen was just entering the tent, expecting to take Gibson by surprise, when the latter emptied a load of buckshot into him.

McClellen then turned and started to run, but the saloon keeper was determined to leave no part of his deadly work undone, followed up the wounded man and shot him again; this time killing him instantly.

By this time the little frontier town was pretty well enlivened up and awake. The citizens gathered together, and, after inquiring into the affair, passed the following resolutions:

Resolved: That Chris Gibson, in ridding this town of three desperate rowdies—"Big Jack," Sam Wright and McClellen—has rendered this community a service, and is entitled to the thanks of this community; and we, the citizens of Sergeant, fully justify the aforesaid Gibson in so doing.

Resolved: That it is the intention of this community to rid themselves of all lawless characters, roughs and desperadoes, and to "wipe them out of sight." They will hereby take notice and leave.

Since these resolutions have been passed and the shooting affair above recorded took place, Sergeant has been entirely clear of roughs and rowdies.

Matting.—Matting should never be washed with anything but salt and water—a pint of salt to half a pailful of soft water, moderately warm. Dry quickly with a soft cloth. Twice during the season will probably be sufficient washing for a bedroom, but a room much used will require it somewhat oftener.

The U. S. Senate decided that hereafter the official debates should be printed and published at the Government printing office, and the House concurred in that action. The present *Globe* firm are left with a vast establishment on their hands, and with stereotype plates of the debates for the last forty years.

The Virtue of Economy.

It was one of the follies of Robert Burns to imagine that saving was a sordid and small occupation. The poor gleaner of his bread from the sterile Scottish glebe might be pardoned that weakness and despair if anybody could. It was the apparent hopelessness of making headway against his cruel fortune which made Burns affect to despise the painstaking thrift of his neighbors, not a sense that it was mean and inferior. He must have admired their stern courage, their heroic poverty. His shiftlessness was not due to the possession of genius, but his self-indulgence and irresolution. We, who have milder difficulties and more lenient fortunes, are without the excuse of his unhappy circumstances, and must not make the mistake of attributing that to his greater qualities which is really due to those human weaknesses which he shared in common with his kind.

The truth is that economy is always a necessary and noble quality, is often a heroic one. It is especially fine in those men who care little for money in itself. Thrift may become a passion just as self-indulgence may become a passion; it is the duty of reason to curb and regulate both. The man who has once began to save soon finds it a greater pleasure to add fifty dollars to his little pile than to spend the sum upon a tailor or a caterer. As soon as he begins to confuse the means with the ends, reason should demonstrate that the present has its demands as surely as the future has its exigencies. So, when long habits of self-pampering have taught one to think that he must have everything he wants, it is good to learn to deny himself. It is odd to see the tricks and deceptions we play upon ourselves. We judge of our needs by our habits. "We used to pay so much for our dinner;" "we used to go to such a place for our summer vacation;" whether we need such a dinner, or to go to such a hotel, does not occur to us. The great virtue of economy, we may remark, is to economize to-day and not to-morrow, for in the future virtue looks attractive, and then it has none of those prosaic difficulties which beset it just now. It makes not the least difference about the triviality of the economy. Truth and wisdom are qualities which ennoble any action they may touch, however sordid and common these actions may seem to our prejudiced and uneducated eyes.

How Muskrats Swim Under the Ice.

Muskrats have a curious method of traveling long distances under the ice. In their winter excursions to their feeding grounds, which are frequently at great distances from their abodes, they take in breath at starting, and remain under the water as long as they can. They then rise up to the ice and breathe out the air in their lungs, which remain in bubbles against the lower surface of the ice. They wait till this air recovers oxygen from the water and the ice, and then take it in again, and go on till the operation has to be repeated. In this way they can travel almost any distance, and live any length of time under the ice. The hunter sometimes takes advantage of this habit of the muskrat in the following manner: When the marshes and ponds, where the muskrats abound, are first frozen over, and the ice is thin and clear, on striking into their houses with his hatchet, for the purpose of setting his traps, he frequently sees a whole family plunge into the water and swim under the ice. Following one of them for some distance, he sees him come up to renew his breath in the manner above described. After the animal has breathed against the ice, and before he has time to take his bubble in again, the hunter strikes with his hatchet directly over him and drives him away from his breath. In this case he drowns in swimming a few rods, and the hunter, cutting a hole in the ice, takes him out. Mink, otter and beaver travel under the ice in the same way, and hunters have frequently told us of taking otter in the manner we have described when these animals visit the houses of the muskrat.

The Dry Goods Trade.

The New York *Daily Bulletin*, in its weekly review, says: Both agents and jobbers are disappointed at the result of the season's trade thus far, but neither are despondent. The actual condition of the trade throughout the country appears to be entirely satisfactory; stocks are light in dealers' hands, and the different sections are in a position to operate freely when the proper time arrives, but there is no disposition to anticipate future wants, nor is there the least indication of a speculative tendency, so that purchases for the coming season will be based upon a strictly legitimate consumptive demand. Collections come forward with commendable regularity from all parts of the interior, and there have been very few important failures throughout the country, which circumstances argue well for the prosecution of a successful spring business, which will, however, open later than usual.

During the week there was a considerable improvement in business with both French and British importors. Jobbers' stocks begin to show more complete assortments, particularly of dress goods, and some of them have effected fair sales to the Southern trade. Prices abroad continue firm for all manufactured goods, whether composed of silk, woolen, cotton, linen or mixtures, and the scarcity and high prices of labor, fuel and building materials seem to indicate a continuance of present rates at least, with the probability of a further advance on some frbrics.

One of the largest and most influential Protestant denominations of this country has had the keenness to see that sooner or later Mexico must be Americanized, socially and politically, probably within a few years, and has taken prompt steps to prepare itself for the occasion. The missionary managers of the denomination are now having thoroughly educated in the Spanish language, in one of their leading institutions, twenty-five young men, who are intended for the missionary field of labor in Mexico. There is nothing like being on time.

The Prince and the Charity-Boy.

The Duke of Clarence, after William IV., having served well and faithfully through a long and active apprenticeship in the British Navy, was, in 1786, from the recommendation of absolute personal merit, raised to the rank of post-captain, and appointed to the command of the frigate *Pegasus*. It was on a bright morning in April, when the Prince, having received his commission and his ship, was on his way to his tailor's, in Plymouth, to get the new uniform which he had ordered. At a street corner he saw a boy crying, and stopped to inquire the cause. The lad looked up through his tears, revealing a handsome, winning, and intelligent face, and replied that his mother had died only a few days before, and that he had been cast homeless into the streets.

"Where is your father?" asked the Prince.

"He was lost in the *Sussex*, on the Cornwall coast, two years ago."

"And you have no friends?"

"Not a friend in the world, sir."

"Then I must find one for you. How old are you?"

"I am twelve,—almost thirteen."

"How would you like to go to sea in a first-rate man-of-war?"

The boy's face brightened as he answered that he should like it very well.

The Prince took out his pocket-book and wrote something upon a slip of paper, which he gave to the boy, with a shilling.

"Go down to the dock," he said, "and with this shilling you will hire a boatman to carry you off to the *Pegasus*. When you get on board the ship you will give this paper to the officer whom you find in charge of the deck, and he will take care of you. Cheer up, my lad. Show me that you have a true heart, and you shall surely find a true friend."

Murmuring his thanks as best he could, the lad took the shilling and the paper and went his way. Arrived on board the *Pegasus*, the officer of the deck received him kindly, and sent him to sit on a gun-carriage under the break of the poop. In less than an hour the Prince came off in his new uniform, and the boy was strangely moved upon discovering that the man who had promised to be his friend was none other than William, Duke of Clarence, and captain of the frigate.

The boy, whose name proved to be Albert Doyer, was taken into the cabin, where his highness questioned him until satisfied of his worthiness, and forthwith he ordered the lad to be rated as a midshipman, and from his own purse he procured an outfit. During the voyage to the American cost the Prince became strongly attached to his youthful protege, keeping him about his person continually, and instructing him in general branches of education, as well as in the principles of seamanship.

Time passed on, and the boy grew to be a man, and his heart had been true; and in the after years, when William was king, he signed with his own hand the commission which made Albert Doyer a Rear Admiral; and he exclaimed, as he put his signiture to the document,—

"There,—if I have done a good deed for England it was when I saved to her service that true and worthy man!"

Sufferings of Buffalo Hunters.

Five buffalo hunters were brought from Fort Dodge to Leavenworth, Kansas, on Tuesday, Feb. 18, in an awful condition, they having been out in a terrible snow-storm that prevailed on the plains during the last week in January, and badly frozen before reaching the settlements. The Leavenworth *Times* of the 20th says: The hunters were taken to the Sisters' Hospital, where every medical attention was rendered. Despite the most careful nursing and efficient treatment, however, one of the hunters, T. A. Sevfres, died yesterday. The Drs. Thomas yesterday amputated the right leg of R. Marsh above the ankle, and amputated his left foot at the instep. Mr. Marsh is from Washington Ind., and there are fair prospects of his recovery. W. A. Malory, of Detroit, Mich., had both feet amputated just above the ankles. The attending physicians think he will survive. A. D. Sidwell, of Brown County, Ohio, had both lega amputated above the ankles, and the same operation was performed on J. E. Thomas, of Park County, Indiana. James Gillen, of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, will lose some of his toes.

A Question for Scientific Men.

We have just discovered the reason why our winters are growing colder every year. Scientific men announce that, after giving the matter careful study, they are of the opinion that the climate of Alaska is annually growing milder. Formerly it was considered impossible to raise vegetables there; but now the hardier kinds of garden vegetables are cultivated with considerable success. The experiment has also been made of transplanting apple trees from California, and several trees, planted four or five years ago, have already borne fruit. Of course this explains everything. Ever since the United States purchased Alaska, some five or six years ago, a gradual amalgamation has been going on, and Alaska has sent snows and frosts from her bountiful supply, thereby making herself a little more comfortable. But wouldn't it be a good plan for U S. to annex some tropical country—just for winter use.

The manufacture of rails by a new system which does away with manual labor to a great extent, is to be carried on in a rail mill which is now being erected at Louisville, Ky., at a cost of $500,000. In the process of making the rail, the iron passes through thirteen sets of rolls, without a halt, and is turned over five times for side-rolling The iron is taken from the heating furnace, and transformed into a rail in half a minute.

Man's chief wisdom consists in being sensible of his folies.

The Story of Some Hot Water.

About two hundred years ago, a man, bearing the title of the Marquis of Worcester, was sitting, on a cold night, in a small, mean room, before a blazing fire. This was in Ireland, and the man was a prisoner. A kettle of boiling water was on the fire, and he sat watching the steam as it lifted the lid of the kettle and rushed out of the nose.

He thought of the power of steam, and wondered what would be the effect if he were to fasten down the lid and stop up the nose. He concluded that the effect would be to burst the kettle. "How much power, then," thought he, "must there be in steam."

As soon as he was let out of prison he tried an experiment. "I have taken," he writes, "a cannon, and filled it three-quarters full of water, stopping firmly up both the touch-hole and the mouth, and, having made a good fire under it, within twenty-four hours it burst and made a great crack." After this the marquis contrived a rude machine, which, by the power of steam, drove up water to the height of forty feet.

About one hundred years after this, a little boy, whose name was James Watt, and who lived in Scotland, sat one day looking at a kettle of boiling water, and holding a spoon before the steam that rushed out of the nose.

His aunt thought he was idle, and said: "Is it not a shame for you to waste your time so?" But James was not idle; he was thinking of the power of the steam in moving the spoon.

James grew to be a good and great man, and contrived those wonderful improvements in the steam-engine which have made it so useful in our day.

What will not the steam-engine do? It propels, it elevates, it lowers, it pumps, it drains, it pulls, it drives, it blasts, it digs, it cuts, it saws, it planes, it bores, it blows, it forges, it hammers, it files, it polishes, it rivets, it cards, it spins, it winds, it weaves, it coins, it prints, and it does more things than one can think of.

In the year 1807, Robert Fulton put the first steamboat on the Hudson river, and in 1820 a locomotive steam carriage went over a railroad in England.

And this is the story of some hot water. From so small a beginning as the steam from a tea-kettle resulted the steam-engine, and the steamboat and the locomotive engine.

Physical Education of Youth.

Physical education for the young, though beginning to be regarded in its true light, is still so generally disesteemed in our schools that there is ample room for improvement in this highly important branch of education. We quote these words of truth from the late annual report of the superintendent of Boston public schools:

"We ought to aim, not merely to avoid injuring the health of pupils while carrying on their instruction in our schools, but to increase their physical health, strengtth, and beauty. I dare call that system of education a failure which sends out into the world, to fight the battles of life, its finished graduates, with narrow shoulders, flat chests, crooked spines, pale faces, weak muscles, and low vital energy. Our boys receive less physical injury from their schooling than our girls. Nature helps the boys more. The boy manages to get some wholesome play. But the poor girl is easily crushed under the terrible weight of school lessons. Her strong love of approbation, given to her for a wise purpose, is easily made to work her physical ruin by the machinery of examinations. I do not hesitate to tell any mother in Boston that, in the present state of things, the head of a class in school is not a very safe or desirable place for a girl to occupy. I would urge two items of immediate reform in view of this matter: first, that the rules in regard to home lessons be rigidly enforced; and second, that our high-school girls shall no longer be seen carrying home daily, for study, large bundles of class-books."

How Drinking Causes Apoplexy.

It is the essential nature of all wines and spirits to send an increased amount of blood to the brain. The first effect of taking a glass of wine or stronger form of alcohol, is to send the blood there faster than common, hence the circulation that gives the red face. It increases the activity of the brain, and it works faster, and so does the tongue. But suppose a man keeps on drinking, the blood is sent to the brain so fast, in such large quantities, that in order to make room for it the arteries have to enlarge themselves; they increase in size, and in doing so they press against the more yielding and flaccid veins which carry the blood out of the brain and thus diminish their size, their pores, the result being that the blood is not only carried to the arteries of the brain faster than is natural or healthful, but it is prevented from leaving it as fast as usual; hence a double set of causes of death are in operation. A man may drink enough brandy or other spirits in a few hours, or in a few minutes, to bring on a fatal attack of apoplexy.

Careful Banking.

Here is rather a nice tale of careful banking, which comes to us from an Eastern city. Some years ago a friend of its cashier brought to a suburban bank a Government bond valued at $1,000. He was in the habit of receiving the coupons regularly, but last January no coupon came. Upon inquiry it was found that his bond was missing, and he was told that it had probably been dropped in a waste-basket and sold for old paper. He was further told that he had no redress, as the bank was not responsible for individual securities left in its care—a great mistake, if we know anything of common law. Still further research develops the fact that other securities lodged in the same bank are missing to the value of $30,000. These probably were also dropped into the waste-paper basket.

A New-Orleans paper complains that the beggers walk their beats in that city as regularly as the policemen, and are certainly much wider awake.

Calculating the Distance of the Sun.

At present the distance from the earth to the sun is reckoned at ninety-two millions of miles, with a margin of error of about five hundred thousand miles. It is for the main purpose of reducing this margin, by at least one-half, that the observations of the coming transit of Venus are to be undertaken. In a recent lecture on "The Constitution of the Sun," Professor Young made use of the following curious illustration, in order to aid his hearers in forming an idea of the sun's distance. "You know," he states, "that, if you touch a part of the body, one does not feel it instantly. If you touch the hand of any one with a pin, it will be an appreciable part of a second before he will feel it and draw his hand back. Now, if I had an arm long enough to reach to the sun, and should put my fingers into the solar flame, and burn them there, it would be a hundred years before I would find it out, and another hundred years before I could remove my hand. Such is the distance of the sun, and yet, across that space, the earth responds to every impulse of the solar surface." An illustration of this character, while it elicited the applause of the audience, failed, we doubt not, to convey to many any more definite idea of this immense distance than that obtained from the simple statement of that distance in English miles. That the idea may be rendered more clear, it may be stated that all external impressions, that is, impressions conveyed to the brain from the organs of touch, hearing, or sight, travel along the nerves at the comparatively slow rate of from sixty to seventy feet per second. For instance, if a man of average height receives an injury in the foot, there will be a lapse of rather less than one-tenth of a second before any sensation of pain will be felt, and twice that time before the injured member, in obedience to a return-signal from the brain, can be withdrawn or removed from danger. It has been noticed, moreover, that the nerve-currents travel more slowly at low temperatures than at high ones, and that the speed is not the same along the whole length of the nerve. Thus, as has been stated by a late writer, we find that thought does not spring instantaneously—it is a phenomenon subject to natural laws of time and space. In different observers, the time lost is not alike; one perceives, reflects, and acts more briskly than another—it is a matter of temperament and of accidental circumstances. This explains the differences always remarked between astronomers busied in observing the same phenomenon. Two persons never saw at the same instant the passage of a star across a thread—this difference in the speed of the nerve-currents is known as the *personal equation* of the individual, and, in the more delicate astronomical observations, allowance for this difference in time enters into the final calculations.

An Englishwoman's Experience in an American Sleeping Car.

Journeying to Boston from Washington the authoress had her berth made into a bed, and, divesting herself of her outer garments, retired behind the curtain and slept until daybreak. "I know," she proceeds, "that at each end of the car there was a toilet room, with marble basins and washing paraphernalia. I put my head out between the opening of the curtain to see if the place was unoccupied, when, to my amazement, what should meet my eye, all the way up and down the narrow corridor, but stockinged—no, I mean socked—feet struggling into boots of the most decidedly masculine persuasion. As I was contemplating the possibility of threading my way through this novel living hedge, I came to the knowledge that I was the only lady in the car, and that, unknown and unprotected, I had been passing the night in the most ignorant and helpless security with about twenty men! In any other country this discovery would have been horrifying in itself and extremely disagreeable in its results; but short as my experience of American chivalry had been, it was quite sufficient for me to know that I had absolutely nothing to feel uncomfortable about. Most of the gentlemen did me the honor to ignore my presence completely, thereby making me feel very much assured. Those that did not neither stared nor spoke; but as the train slackened at the Jersey City station two of them helped me down the steps of the platform, and one, taking my shawls and the other my hand-bag said, 'Allow me, madam, to see you to the ferry?' whither they accompanied me and bowed themselves off."

Narrow Escape from Burial Alive.

In New York city Coroner Young was notified at his ressdence recently by Mr. Depew, that a colored servant of his, named Carrie Johnson, was found dead that morning in her bed, at his residence, 33 Morton street, and a permit was given to him to remove the body to the Morgue; the gentleman was so certain that the girl was dead, that he did not deem it necessary to send for a physician, and he took the permit to a station house, and the warden of Bellevue Hospital was telegraphed to send the dead-wagon. It arrived at the house about half-past 2 o'clock p. m., when on proceeding to the room it was discovered that the girl's head was leaning over the side of the bed, but it was supposed that some one had moved it in the meantime. When the driver of the wagon, however, took hold of the body to place it in the coffin, he felt a warmth about the stomach and loins, which he thought could not be the case if the person were dead. Mr. Depew immediately sent for a physician, but before his arrival the driver had forced open the teeth and placed some salt in the mouth.

The physician decided that life was not extinct, and applied the usual means to restore animation, but it was not until Saturday afternoon that she was fully restored, and at 4 o'clock on that day she took a Sixth avenue car and went to West 13th street, where she is at present residing with a friend.

The girl was similarly affected some time since, and then narrowly escaped burial.

Railroads in the Country.

In 1871 New York State had in active operation 139 railroad corporations, representing a capital of over $400,000,000. These roads in that year earned over $80,000,000, and in the last year they undoubtedly earned over $100,000,000. In the year 1830 there was but twenty-three miles of railway built in the United States of America, and such were the difficulties not only in the construction of the roads but in the machinery and appointments which those roads used, that the development of the enterprise had little success for the first ten years; so that in 1840 there was less that 3,000 miles of railway built and in operation in the United States, and those roads were operated by machinery almost entirely constructed and brought to us from abroad. The enterprise, as I said, was new. The appointments were unknown. The roads in a new country like this were built without much capital. It was difficult to find men of financial ability enough to embark in an enterprise so difficult in its development, and hence these roads progressed slowly. From 1840 the roads developed more rapidly, until, in 1850, we had about 10,000 miles of railway in operation. From 1850 to 1860 it ran up to 30,000 miles of railway in operation. In 1860, when this country engaged in its unparalleled civil war, the railroads had been constructed over the entire country, and they proved to be, as they were, and as you and I know they were, sir, the very right arm of people's defence. They showed their ability; they entered into the economy of the country; they were the great element of our success, and they proved their ability in that great strain which was placed upon our every resource during the years of fearful struggle that followed. Their progress from 1860 to 1870 has been unexampled in the history of material development; and to-day, sir, the railroads in this country are the great enterprises, financial and commercial, of the whole land.

What is the result? In this year of our Lord, 1872, there are over 70,000 miles of railway in active operation in the United States, nearly as much as in all the world beside. Railways extending form the sea coast to almost every part of the land. Railways that absorb a capital in their construction and equipment of over $3,500,000,000. That have brought in the past year over $600,000,000 in their gross receipts.

The Winter Snow-Fall.

At last Spring has set in, and there is at least a fair probability that the storms are at an end. The quantity and uncertainty of the snow-fall for the Winter now departing, led to no little surprise and comment. "Will it ever stop?" was the cry. The answer was a fresh storm—"the heaviest yet," every one said; but the weather-prophets were altogether disgusted by finding the next still greater than its predecessors. As compared with the two previous years the fall was excessively large. In January, February, March, April, and December, 1870, the total amount of snow which fell was 25½ inches. In the same months of 1871, with the addition of a quarter of an inch in November, the fall was 34½ inches; in January, February, March, November, and December, 1872, the fall was a fraction less than 40½ inches.

In the two months of this year just passed, twenty-nine and one-third inches fell. By these figures, furnished by Mr. Draper, of the Central Park Meteorological Observatory, it appears that in November and December of 1872, and January and February, 1873, the snow-fall amounted to five feet, less one-fifth of an inch. Of course, all this has resulted in unusual slush downtown, and unprecedent opportunities for sleighing in the park and out-of-town drives. Skating, too, has been very good, and the ice-crop abundant—poor consolation for those on whom a hard Winter works its heaviest misfortunes. On the Hudson River the usual sport of ice-boat racing seemed to have been neglected, to find, further off in the interior, a newer field. The channel of that river is now rapidly clearing, and navigation is soon expected to open on it again. Thus, with the breaking up of Winter, the expected termination of snow-falls, and the resumption of navigation, a livelier condition of public enterprise and better times for the poor working men may be expected.

Epicurean Salad for Lent.

This is a most excellent dish for breakfast or lunch, or even for an early supper. It is composed of ten or twelve potatoes, two white onions, half a pint of claret, one pint of Madeira, two or three truffles, two lemons, parsley, oil, vinegar, and other seasonings.

As the recipe for this delicate dish is not found in cook-books, we will give it here.

The Madeira is put in a salad dish or other vessel, with the truffles, cut in thin slices, seasoned with salt and pepper, a bay leaf, three stalks of parsley, one of thyme, two cloves, and a clove of garlic, bruised. It is left thus for about four hours. After that length of time the slices of truffles are taken off and put on a plate, and the rest is turned into a bowl through a colander, so as to have the wine only in the bowl.

The potatoes are steamed, peeled, and sliced, and put in a salad dish with the onions, sliced also, and the claret. The whole is stirred gently with the salad spoon and fork until the wine is absorbed by the potatoes. Then the Madeira is added, little by little, stirring the while, and also until it is absorbed. Now the truffles, with three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, five of oil, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, the juice of the lemons, salt and pepper to suit the taste, are added. The whole is well mixed together, and the salad is made.—*Pierre Blot.*

A young Japanese law student, who is about to leave Washington for his native country, will take with him a handsome black walnut model, complete, of the gallows recently used in the execution of Jenkins, Johnson, and Woods. We wonder if it is the youth's intention to apply for the position of prosecuting attorney, in case of the Japanese Government adopting our method of punishing crime?

Facts and Fancies.

Strange but true—When a youth follows his own bent he is apt to get into straightened circumstances.

The inmate of a boarding-house in Hoboken describes the programme of his breakfast as "bells jangled out of tune, and hash."

There is a ship now sailing from Holland which was built in 1658. She passed the Cape of Good Hope in October, 1864, being at that time 224 years old.

Charles Bradlaugh, a ponderous English republican, said to be a cross between Henry Ward Beecher and Robert Collyer, is coming her to lecture next season.

The Japan *Gazette* of the 23d of January published the following announcement: Benrikoshi-Uyeno-Kaganori has been appointed Minister for Japan at Washington.

Queen Victoria has granted a pension of $250 a year to the widow of the gallant Captain Knowles, of the Northfleet, who lost his own life in exertions to save others.

Henry Taylor, who for thirty years has rocked the "Cradle of Liberty" in Boston (that is has been Superintendent of Faneuil Hall for that period), has declined reappointment.

Our valetudinarian, being told by his medical adviser that he must wear thicker boots, replies that when a fellow has to walk through so much water pumps would be more appropriate.

Milwaukee papers speak of Lake Michigan being bridged over with ice at a place where its width is eighty-five miles. This has not occurred before within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

The Utica *Herald* has discovered that "it is now unlawful for tobacco chewers to beg a 'chew.' The United States internal revenue law allows no person or persons to sell or dispose of tobacco in any form, no matter how small or great the bulk, without paying first a license of $5."

Boston keeps within the city limits 2,000 cows. Milk for the city also comes from other parts of the State, and even from Maine and New Hampshire. There are about 600 wholesale and 4,000 retail dealers. Nearly 13,800 cans of milk, containing about 97,000 quarts, are delivered daily.

An eastern journal, never known to exaggerate, asserts that a rural visitor to Augusta, Maine, who read the sign, "Look out for the locomotive" at a railroad crossing for the first time, climbed to the top of the pole, and, gazing up the track, anxiously wanted to know where it was.

Correspondents say that Dennison, Texas, was a wilderness five months ago. Now, it has a population of 4,500; houses are going up in all directions; its streets are 100 feet wide; a hotel containing 100 rooms is nearly completed, and there are three banks, an opera house, and an immense freight depot.

A contemporary urges chemists to devote their ingenuity to the invention of a safe match which won't set things on fire, but which shall be itself easy to light and hard to blow out, "requiring no apparatus to ignite it." We fully concur in the opinion that any one capable of supplying such a desideratum would probably make a fortune.

The collection of American newspapers at the Vienna Exhibition will be about seven thousand in number. A newspaper will be printed at the Exposition in English. The United States government vessel which has been stationed at the Brooklyn Navy-yard for the reception of goods for the Exposition will sail soon.

Among the amenities of Western journalism are such little paragraphs as the following, from the Louisville *Courier-Journal*: "The hide of the immense elephant Romeo has been tanned, but it is said that the owner doesn't know what to do with it. Why doesn't he procure another just like it, and convert the two into a pair of slippers for the editor of the Chicago *Post?*"

The San Francisco *Bulletin* has received a despatch from Boston announcing that a jury "verdicted." The *Bulletin* thinks that "epizootic" is bad enough, and "suicided" a little worse; but "verdicted" is altogether beyond the limits of human endurance. And now the paper heartlessly demands, in not much more elegant English than that complained of, that the reporter making use of this term shall be forthwith "squelched."

If recent information is correct, Japan is already leaving her teachers behind in her educational march. A system of compulsory education is to be adopted in that country for all children above six years of age. Fifty three thousand public schools are to be established, two hundred and fifty-six high schools, and eight colleges. If these figures are at all accurate, Japan is to be congratulated on her prompt, excellent and efficient measures.

Value of Fish.

The value put by epicures upon particular varieties of fish, seems to depend in a great degree upon their costliness. Thus, the sturgeon, which along the Hudson is used exclusively as a fertilizer, is regarded in Europe as a dish fit only for a King—merely because the fish is rare, and hence brings a very high price. It is not impossible that the common herring is about to rise in further estimation for a similar reason. During the present season, it has been unprecedentedly scarce on the coast of Scotland, and has commanded prices that the *Pall Mall Gazette* calls enormous. If the scarcity should continue, and the price of herring steadily rise, a time will come when a broiled herring will be beyond the means of any one but a millionaire. We shall then be told of the extravagance of some dissipated young Duke, in breakfasting daily upon herring, and shall read of the reckless prodigal who carries salt herring in his pocket on the Derby day, and ostentatiously lunches thereupon in the presence of astonished and admiring multitudes.